

Sunflower Seeds



Wichita on the River at Night

Zoom meetings on Saturdays at 4:00 PM

**July 2022, Volume – 50, Issue # 7
Kansas Sunflower Mensa Newsletter**

Officers for 2022

LocSec: Bill Barnett 316-214-3330 grandledge@hotmail.com

Acting Editor: Bill Barnett

Asst. LocSec: Igor Ponomaryov

Treasurer: Igor Ponomaryov acting

Program Chair: Bill Barnett

Publication Chair: Gracie Ulrich

Membership Chair: Dan Gollub

Mem. at Large: James Zongker

Ombudsman: Mike Dickson

Region – 7 VC: Beth Anne Demeter bethane.demeter@gmail.com

Web Contact: Igor Ponomaryov

For questions concerning Seeds contact the Acting Editor through the American Mensa website or through the Facebook page. Contact other officers through the American Mensa website.

Chapter's Official Web Sites

<http://www.kansassunflower.us.mensa.org>

www.facebook.com/groups/773587949355460SunflowerSeeds

Submissions Guidelines

The Sunflower Seeds is published monthly. Submission deadline is the first of the month. Members in good standing may submit articles, puzzles, photography, etc. to the editor for publication. To submit an article for the newsletter send it to grandledge@hotmail.com

Articles should be submitted as a WORD document or Mac Pages document. The font should be Times New Roman 12 pt.

Why You Should Write For Seeds

This is your newsletter. You are talented and can make it better. More participation strengthens the group. People have told the editor that they like the Seeds. If you feel that way it is time to write.

The Pig-Out Column

Pig-outs are an excellent time to invite friends.



Recommendations from the Head Pig, Mike Dickson:

Check with Mike (316-871-3379) if you have suggestions or questions concerning the Pig-Outs.

August 6, 2022, 12:45pm

The Pour House, 711 E Douglas Ave, Wichita, KS 67202-3505, 316-260-4897

September 3, 2022, 12:45pm

Bella Luna Café, 2132 N. Rock Rd., Wichita 316-634-0008

October 1, 2022, 12:45pm

N & J's Café & Bakery, 5600 E. Lincoln St., Wichita 316-681-3975

Meeting Schedule

1st Saturday, August 6, 2022, 12:45 pm

George's French Bistro. 4618 E. Central, Wichita. 316-831-1325

2nd Saturday, August 13, 2022, 2:00 pm - Program Meeting

Fairmont Coffee Company, 3815 E 17th St N, Wichita, KS

Shealah Cress West will speak on dealing with difficult people. She is a Master Licensed Clinical Social Worker who has spoken to the group before.

3rd Saturday, August 20, 2022, 11:00 am - Museum Meeting

Botanica, 701 Amidon St Wichita, KS 67203-3199, (316) 264-0448

We may go to lunch after touring the museum.

4th Saturday, August 27, 2022, 7:00 pm

Barnes and Noble Bookstore Cafe, 1920 N Rock Road, Wichita, KS

Zoom Meetings Saturdays at 4:00 PM

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/7208103448?pwd=aWdKUStzbEVhNktjRzF0VEYxQTISQT09>

Igor Ponomaryov is the Zoom coordinator. Contact him or the editor for Zoom information.

LocSec Corner

Bill Barnett

We need an editor. I am doing it now, but can't continue forever.

The group needs a proctor. Contact me or Dan Gollub if you are interested.

You are talented and can be a writer for Seeds. Send your articles, letters, comments, and pictures for Seeds.

Send your pictures to the editor along with their stories and they will be published here.

Heartland Mensa Region Seven

Beth Anne Demeter

I mentioned in last month's column that, as RVC, I interact with local leadership from throughout the Region regularly – holding monthly calls, fielding random questions, proactively reaching out if problems arise or reports aren't sent in, etc. There are two common threads coming up from time to time: events and volunteerism.

This month's column is about VOLUNTEERISM!!! And this summer, there are a ton of ways to become involved in our great organization!

You've already heard me speak about one of the first and most amazing events happening this summer – American Mensa's Annual Gathering. Attending this event is a great time, but also consider becoming involved. For instance, did you know you can help plan tournaments, games, puzzles and more? Do you have an interest in something and want to speak? Or, maybe you're interested in leading since you're a great project manager. Regardless, there are a lot of opportunities to become involved in an Annual Gathering and share what you know with others! Not only will it help others learn and grow (so we can continue to have great events in the future) but it'll also share what a cool person you are with others.

Besides the Annual Gathering, there are smaller and more local ways to become involved. Within Region 7, several local groups host annual Regional Gatherings – Mid-America Mensa has it's Cabin Fever RG in February, while Denver Mensa will host its first Twin Owls RG in September this year. So join in! There are a lot of volunteer positions available already, with speaker calls, the need for help and more.

And what's in it for you? Mensa is a volunteer-run organization, meaning it's up to you to help out, become a volunteer, invite others and grow something from the ground up. We may not pay in terms of money, but the payout in friendship, laughter and gratification is more valuable! Plus,

many volunteers choose to help on a local board, which can easily be a resume builder especially if you are interested in changing careers, learning new skills and more.

So if you're interested in volunteering and becoming more involved, reach out! We're all interested in new and wonderful things. See you soon!

Alan Watts Part III of III

The Book: On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are Summary and Comments by Gracie Ulrich

Last month, we discussed Watts' assertion that the boundary of one's skin does not mark the boundary that differentiates between oneself and the rest of the cosmos. Watts commented on the double bind inherent in all humans, and the messages that we be in charge and also go with the flow.

To back that up, he mentions that it is the space between things that defines unity with the Cosmos, or eternity, or a sense of all Beingness (or whatever you prefer to call it). I once felt charmed by Deepak Chopra's comment (specific source unknown) that it was the space between the telephone lines, the rests between the notes in a score, the pause between the inbreath and the outbreath, that was the eternal moment, and I drove around for weeks afterwards gazing into the spaces between the lines on the telephone and electrical poles. But Chopra no more had the original idea than did Watts, as both borrowed from, and then Westernized, those ancient mystical notions.

This space between things is the turning point between the dark and the light, the male and the female, the evil and the good. It is where the yin becomes yang and the yang becomes yin. It is the space between the "on" and the "off", or between the wave and the particle. It is the place where the lion lies down with the lamb, as it can only occur when both the lion and the lamb recognize their complicity and oneness in the two-sided and eternally cyclical schemata (this is Watts' theological training coming out—an interpretation of the book of Revelation which I'd never heard before, but that is clearly the allusion).

The fear of death is the lack of faith that the cycle is continuing always. This includes the birth and death of suns as well as the death and re-sparking of the Cosmos itself. If Creation occurred as a result of a spark which lit the Big Bang, then if it can happen once it can happen again. And it must have happened before. Otherwise, it could not have happened even once.

As a matter of fact, this is pretty much what the Theosophists teach (see Annie Besant, Leadbetter, and of course their founder, H. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine* of 1888). Blavatsky, borrowing from Indian Hindu mysticism saw the Cosmos as a cycle, which she mapped out in a timeline stretching for aeons into the future, from a state of deep meditation, and which essentially agrees with all Hindu mystics. I didn't like it because it tended to agree with the

need to give up attachment to Maya (the illusion), like the Buddhist Vedanta teaches. And, as I've already mentioned in a previous article, I do have my attachments, which I regard as worthwhile. Thus, Blavatsky and Watts are in concert in their belief that each cycle ends and then, after a period of dormancy (the wave, as opposed to the particle?) creation begins anew, endlessly repeating itself and endlessly different.

It is worth noting that Watts emphasized again and again the cyclical reality of all things, and also the complimentary and indivisible nature of apparently opposite forces. This would be called the yin and yang in Chinese philosophy, and the idea of yin and yang, as complimentary forces ever-changing into one another, is seen universally in diverse Eastern philosophies.

In the final analysis, Watts concluded that the answer is to truly and totally be “in the moment” with whatever one does, to avoid the trap of working for money to pay for the actual living of life (because it is a false premise, and one misses out on most of life when they accept that premise), and to play. “Life is a game,” is a famous quote of his, and possibly not even original, but was certainly made famous in the West by Watts' writings. That isn't to suggest cynicism (“life is just a game”) as the answer, for it would prevent one's Godself from experiencing Oneself fully in the moment, again creating a separation which equates with aloneness and misery. Rather, it suggests that one enjoy everything in one's life as would a child, full of wonder and delight, and with full involvement, regardless of the chosen task. In so doing, one then Remembers Who One Is, and reunites with the One.

In a practical sense, Watts explains that meditation is the way to unity with the One. He is very clear that it isn't that one “should” meditate, or that meditation is for any particular purpose, as then ego gets back into the picture (e.g., “My meditation was deeper and more enlightened than your meditation.”). Rather, meditation is done because it feels good and is fun. He emphasizes the spirit of play and of truly being “in the moment” as The Answer. And entering into meditation, deepening the practice through continued exposure and experience, and getting really good at it, can lead to ecstatic experiences—which are very enjoyable.

Most of all, meditation leads to a direct experience of the One, which is the only way to truly know Oneself. He gave the analogy of a kiss. If a person asked for a kiss, would a piece of paper with the word “kiss” written on it ever substitute for the real experience of giving and receiving a kiss? The obvious answer is, “Of course not.” Thus it is with meditation. All the philosophy books in the world are no substitute to experiencing One for Oneself.

When a person experiences unity with the One, that person is forever changed. By Watts' methods of meditation practice (outlined in a different book, he or she knows with a certainty due to that experience the reality of their power and humility, all wrapped into one package. The ego loses its hold, a divine and real humor, perhaps a sort of mirth of life, can take ascendancy, and a true form of actually living the life one has (rather than waiting in the shadows for the time to really live) takes over. Then the person feels truly alive, vibrant, and in the flow. This makes it worth everything, and removes the existential anxiety and angst of living lonely, separate lives. The person who meditates successfully will, according to Watts, rediscover Who They Really Are.

Sources:

Watts, Alan. The book: On the taboo against knowing who you are. Vintage Books, New York, 1972 (first pub. 1966).

Blavatsky, Helena Petrovna. The secret doctrine, Vols. I-III. The Theosophical Publishing House, Delhi, 1979 ed. (first pub. In 1888).

Watts, Alan. Eastern wisdom: An introduction to meditation. (Formerly published under Still the mind. MJF Books, New York, 2000.

Maarieda The Book

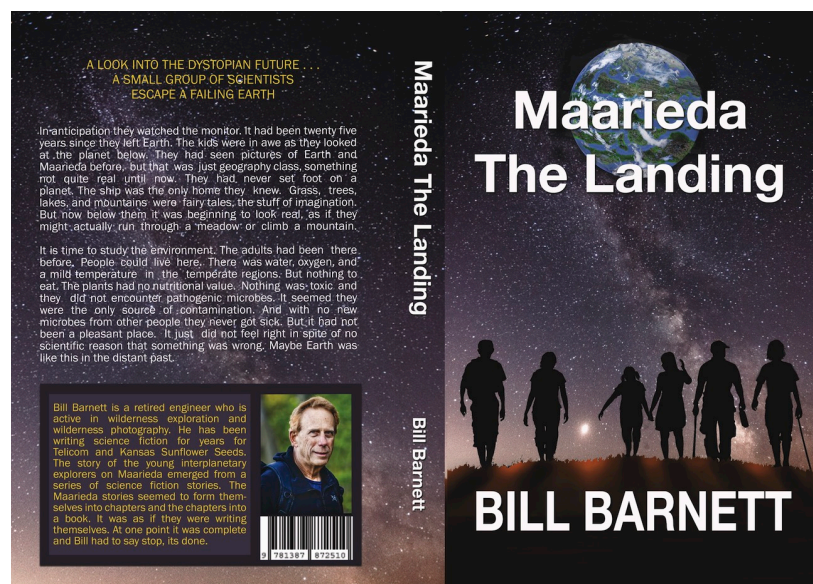
Bill Barnett

The short stories about Maarieda that were printed here are finished. The book is published. Copies are being printed.

Available at Watermark Books,

<https://www.lulu.com/shop/bill-barnett/maarieda-the-landing/paperback/product-5kgdy6.html?q=maarieda+the+landing&page=1&pageSize=4>

and from Bill.



Wisdom From Mike

The worst thing about meeting new people
is that they are new
and you are meeting them
and they are people (lol)

-- A Higgs Boson particle walks into a church.

The pastor says, we don't want your kind in here. The particle replies: you can't have mass without me.

-- The coffin lid is closed. A pounding & a furious voice from inside: I'm not dead! I'm not dead!

The pastor replies: Sorry, the paperwork's already done...

Why Some People Think $1=2$

$$1 = 1, A = A, A = B$$

$$A * A = A * B$$

$$A^2 = AB$$

$$A^2 - B^2 = AB - B^2$$

$$(A + B)(A - B) = B(A - B)$$

$$A + B = B$$

$$B + B = B$$

$$2B = B$$

$$2 = 1$$

Can you find anything wrong?

Recipes Submitted by Members

Creamy Bucatini With Roasted Seaweed submitted by Mike Dickson

15 minutes, 3 to 4 servings

Fine salt 8 oz dried bucatini

one can (12 oz) condensed milk or 16 oz oat milk or soy milk substituted.

1 tsp garlic powder.

1 TBSP toasted sesame oil.

Fresh ground black pepper for serving.

Flaky sea salt for serving (.35 oz) package seaweed snacks or more to taste, sesame flavored, if available. (Often found at Costco)

Govhugaru,

Aleppo pepper or crushed red pepper flakes, for serving (optional)

Bring a large pot of water to a boil & salt it generously. Add the bucatini & cook until pliable, 4 to 5 minutes. Reserve 1 cup of the starchy pasta water then drain the bucatini & return it to the pot.

Add the milk, garlic powder & about half of the reserved pasta water to the pasta (saving the rest of the water to thin out the sauce later if needed). Bring to a simmer over medium-high heat, stirring constantly until the sauce reduces by half & slicks the bucatini, 4 to 5 minutes.

Stir in the sesame oil. Taste & season with more salt if needed (the pasta should be generously salted to complement the seaweed's natural salinity). If the pasta has begun to stick together, stir in more of the reserved pasta water to loosen it.

Divide the pasta among the plates & finish with black pepper & flaky sea salt with your hands over the bucatini, dust with the Govhugaru, Aleppo pepper or crushed red pepper flakes if using, & serve. Additional toppings may include a TBSP chopped black olives or a couple TBSP salad shrimp, prewarmed as sides to top.

Kansas Sunflower Mensa
Treasurer's Report for 2nd Quarter 2022

| | | |
|--|-------------------|-------------------|
| Beginning Balance – Fidelity Bank | 04/01/2022 | \$5,339.35 |
| Check #2153 Zoom – annual fee | 04/05/2022 | (\$161.14) |
| Check #2154 Seeds Publication 1st Quarter 2022 | 04/05/2022 | (\$210.00) |
| National Mensa – Zoom Subsidy | 04/12/2022 | \$45.20 |
| National Mensa Subsidy per Membership | 04/15/2022 | \$104.00 |
| National Mensa Subsidy per Membership | 05/20/2022 | \$89.40 |
| National Mensa Subsidy per Membership | 06/16/2022 | \$91.10 |
| Ending Balance | 06/30/2022 | \$5,297.91 |

Respectfully submitted,

Igor Ponomarev, Acting Treasurer

Cathryn Hay

Cathryn Hay is a member and gave a talk at a program meeting. Just thought this might be helpful to some members.



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The Forest

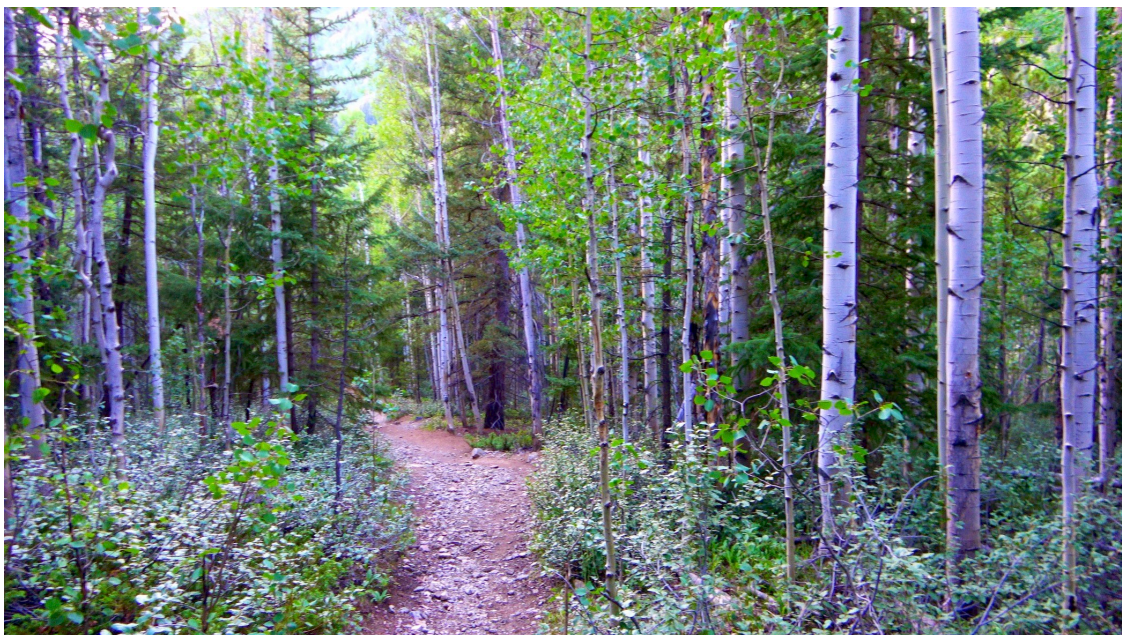
“This is a really cool table,” Cherrie said as she was putting a new vase on it. “Where’d you get it?”

“It was my grandmother’s,” Oscar said. “I think it’s older than that.”

“I like the artistic styling. It’s not so plain like the new ones,” Cherrie replied.

“I like the painting you brought,” Oscar said. “It looks like the forest we’re saving, but I never saw that part.”

“My mother painted it when she was little,” Cherrie said. “It’s hard to get to that part of the forest. Some day I’ll take you there.”



“She’s an excellent artist,” Oscar said. *And you’re taking over my house,* He thought.

“That’s a kind compliment. It’s our house now,” Cherrie said knowing his every thought. “And my place in the forest is your’s too.”

Oscar still couldn’t get used to someone hearing every thought and being in so many of his dreams as if they were real. “It’s like a Vulcan mind meld thing,” he said.

“Vulcans are imaginary,” Cherrie said. “Fairies are real, just touch me and see, and we don’t come out of Hollywood.”

“I touched you,” Oscar said. “You’re addictive, ... and fertile. Look at you now. Your tummy’s getting bigger by the day. Not complaining. I was your accomplice in all this.”

Cherrie just grinned, and then said, “Irene and Circe are on their way, they got a pass out of physics class to go to the meeting. Mac’s coming too.”

“Is Mac doing any better?” Oscar asked.

“He’s the same. They fixed the outside where he was blown up during the army time. He’s still blown up inside. He always will be.”

“And you’re finding a girlfriend for him?” Oscar asked.

“I don’t know. He still needs so much help first. It would be good for him, ... when he’s ready.”

Irene and Circe walked right in as if they owned the place.

“Come right in,” said Oscar.

“It’s the forest way,” Circe said. “You know that now. Just live in the forest and share everything. Nice cottage you made for Cherrie. It’ll be a good place for the baby. ‘Till she’s old enough to sleep in the forest.”

There was knocking at the door. Oscar opened it and Mac came right in looking happy. “Hey girls, good to see you,” he said.

“Good to see you,” Circe said. *I don’t think he’ll ever be ready for a relationship,* She thought.

Probably not, Irene thought back. *Too bad, he’s so cute. If only we had a cure for PTSD.*

Yeah, he’s such a good guy too, Circe replied back in thoughts. Everyone heard their thoughts except Mac.

“What’s the plan?” Mac asked.

“We go to the meeting, they have to give us time to talk and present our side,” Cherrie said. “They don’t care. Oscar has a full report with photographs and everything. It’s important to give the report and then give them and the press a copy. William will be there too and present the legal side. They can’t ignore the old goat, as they call him, they’re afraid of him, but don’t care.”

“How’s that going to work?” Mac asked. “Isn’t everything they’re doing illegal?”

“It’s all illegal as hell,” Cherrie said. “They have everyone paid off. Our protest and lawsuit are fully legal. In the end that’s only a diversion. We have to nuke their plans where they least expect.”

“How’re you going to do that?” Mac asked.

“Top Secret information,” the girls laughed back.

They all jumped into Oscar’s car and headed to the meeting. The room was crowded, but they had reserved seats. People came and talked about how wonderful the development was going to be.

They’re lying through their teeth, Oscar thought.

That’s all they know how to do, Cherrie thought back.

Finally Cherrie gave her speech. Then Oscar gave the report. Mac stood beside them looking like he was about to go full PTSD any moment. Mac had the whole crowd intimidated.

I’m glad he’s under control now, Circe thought.

Yeah, and he’s faking it good too, Irene thought back.

There was a break before the legal reports were to be given and Oscar went to the bathroom and to get some coffee. *Is that a whole crowd of strippers in the back,* He thought. *No they’re fairies, uhh, ... fairy strippers? What the ... ?*

“Are you planning to blackmail them?” Oscar whispered to Cherrie.

“No,” she whispered back. “Shush.” They sat back down and listened to William give his report. Then the opposing lawyer gave his report.

Damn liars, Oscar thought.

Don’t say anything, Cherrie thought back.

As the meeting was over and people were mingling the fairies dressed like off duty strippers were meeting the politicians and development leaders.

Cherrie and crew left and started talking back in the car.

“Okay, explain,” Oscar demanded.

The girls laughed. Max was confused. “Don’t you remember your fairy tales,” Circe asked.

“Yeah, but they’re all fake,” Oscar replied. “You all told me that.”

“Not completely fake, just distorted,” Circe said. “All Myths have some basis in reality, just a little poetic license. Or maybe a lot. Remember the Pied Piper?”

“How does that apply?” Oscar asked. “Are the strippers Pied Pipers? Some of them look kind of young.”

The girls laughed. “What happened in the story?” Circe asked.

“They cheated they guy who got rid of the rats and then he got rid of the children. They had to pay him to get their kids back,” Oscar replied.

“In the original fairy tale the Piper drowned the children in revenge, just like he did to the rats,” Circe said. “In the modern Hollywood version he made them pay to get the children back. But what really happened was the piper led the cheaters into a portal with a dead end and then closed the opening. They’re still there.”

“That’s like sending them to hell,” Oscar replied in shock.

“No, more like purgatory,” Irene said. “Not that there’s a real purgatory, there isn’t, other than that. The town people there actually did a lot worse than just not paying the piper. It was kind of like a chess game where you lead someone into a deep dark cave and leave them there. Then you can checkmate them.”

“And you’re going to ... What about the kids, those strippers ... ?”

“They’re okay,” Circe assured him. And they’re not as young as you think. It takes fairies a lot longer to go through puberty. They were trained in library. Lutetia taught them. She’s what you might call a moral psychopath, wise as a serpent and innocent as a dove. Someone important once said to be wise as a serpent and innocent as a dove. It’s in a book.”

“Yeah, Jesus said that,” Oscar stuttered. “That’s like shooting them with an elephant gun.”

“Exactly,” Circe said. “Nothing else will work. Killing the forest will kill a lot of people. And also the animals. Not to mention completely fucking the environment and nature. It will kill a much bigger area.”

“They need to be shot with an elephant gun,” Irene said.

“So what exactly are the strippers going to do?” Oscar asked.

“Tonight they’re just meeting people and making dates,” Circe said. “There’s a portal in a town nearby. They’ll all meet there later.”

Oscar took everyone back to his place. They had some wine and listened to music. Mac left. Circe and Irene crashed on the couch.

“They can sleep almost anywhere?” Oscar asked. “They love wine and never get drunk? They’re immune?”

“Correct,” Cherrie replied. “Time to cuddle.”



The next week the Mountain Club held a meeting and everyone was there. The news had spread and it was war. The forest at stake was the last big virgin forest for thousands of kilometers. It was a key part of the environment. Cherrie spoke first, "The forest is key for maintaining the species for 1000 clicks all around us. It's life sustaining for a million people, there's nowhere else to go, it's the last one. Many people depend on the forest for their livelihoods in ways that aren't seen." She continued on explaining the virtues of the forest in passionate tones.

Oscar looked around. The room was packed. Everyone was at rapt attention as if it was a military meeting for people going to war. The spies had been shown the door. The fairies weren't hiding who they were. Six enormous man fairies wearing black teeshirts with SECURITY written on them in bold white letters were guarding the door. The girls who had been dressed to look like off duty strippers were all there. Most were fairies. Some weren't.

William, the lawyer, spoke next, "The state constitution guarantees that the forest will be wild forever, only nondestructive activities are allowed there. They said bulldozing everything and covering the whole place with concrete is nondestructive. There are three treaties with Indigenous peoples protecting the forest. They said the treaties are out of date and too vague. There are 16 state laws protecting the place. They are ignoring them and plan to change them all. Two thirds of the people are against the forest destruction and they still don't care. They plan to get rich and move off shore."

Ebella, leader of the diversion force, spoke next, wearing a stripper work outfit, "See this, it's a combat outfit. We're fighting a stupid enemy who doesn't think with their heads. It'll be like leading lions who lost their brains to slaughter." She went on to explain everything in detail. The crowd listened to every word she said.

Burian, an enormous man, head of security spoke next, "We're tracking all of them so we don't miss one. When they all vanish without trace it'll be over, the forest will be safe. The ravens are following the ones we can't." He explained more in detail.

Colonel Bridget spoke next, "The whole regiment will be deployed in stealth mode. The wolves will be there in reserve in stealth mode." She went on to explain everything in detail.

Damn, Oscar thought. It's a full scale war.

"Damn straight," the young fairy sitting next to him said.

Another lady closed the meeting and announced, "Small groups meet next week. Refreshment for everyone." There was fairy food and fairy wine enough to feed an army. They all mingled and chatted.

"You're driving the bus," a young fairy ordered Oscar. He didn't dare decline.

When they got home Oscar asked, "'You didn't miss anything?'"

"That's the plan," Cherrie replied. "We hired a consultant. He has experience. He quit the other group after the Sandbox fubar. He hates them. He likes us and wants revenge too. Sometimes when we try to save things it just blows up. This is do or die. There are people going to pick up anyone who's missing."

"Are those kids going to kill them," Oscar asked.

"No, even better, lead them into a deep dark cave and leave them there," Cherrie replied.

"What fairy stories are real?" Oscar asked.

"My favorite is the The King's New Clothes. That's hilarious," Cherrie laughed. "I peed my pants the first time I heard it, it's so funny."

"That's real?" Oscar asked.

"Yeah," Cherrie replied. "It happened twice," she laughed.

“Cinderella had them all fooled,” Cherrie said. “Snow White, she was a master. They really mixed up that story. The miners all had wives and wanted Snow White. She helped the wives get even. Thor was an overgrown drunk. Don’t worry, everyone likes you. You’re a good guy.”

“You need to explain all that to me someday,” Oscar said.

“You need to go to library,” Cherry said. “It’s in the books,” and she put her arms around him.

You’re a nymph, Oscar thought.

Cherrie just smiled and kissed him.

A week later it was the big day. The developers were having a celebration. They had all their ducks in a row and could all soon retire offshore. The politicians were there too. Those who didn’t approve weren’t invited. Oscar was driving the giant party bus with Cherrie as hostess. The bus was full of fairies dressed as strippers. In the fairy world the costumes would have simply looked stupid, but here they were attracting attention. The girls were laughing it all up as the bus sped toward the convention center.

I feel like a pimp, Oscar thought.

Cherrie laughed so hard she almost fell off her seat. *They’re only getting what they deserve,* she thought back to him.

The bus pulled up to the grand entrance of the convention center and the girls rushed out and into the center. The security guards didn’t even ask for an ID. Another bus came up behind Oscar’s bus. One of the giant fairies was riding shotgun. Another giant fairy came and joined Oscar and Cherrie.

Inside the youngest looking fairy went up to the development chief and said, “They paid for everything. You can do anything you want, but we need to go our place,” grabbed his hand and led him to the bus chatting to him the whole way. The same conversation was happening dozens of times. Soon there was a stream of people entering the busses.

Oscar was feeling incredulous. Cherrie said, “Welcome aboard, I hope you have a good time,” to everyone who came into the bus. “Let’s go!” she said to Oscar when the bus was full. Oscar sped off with the bus full of party goers to the club in the next town like drunken sailors rushing to their doom.

When the busses arrived an older fairy lady dressed like a stripper was at the door and said, “Welcome, have a good time,” to each party goer as they entered the club.

“Come this way,” the youngest looking fairy said to the development leader, “we have a private room,” and she led him into the garden behind the club. Suddenly they were in another world.

In shock the man asked, “Where are we?”

“In the forest you want to destroy,” the fairy said. “It’s the other side of the forest. Whatever happens to the forest happens here, ... and to you. Come this way.” He followed her around a corner and she disappeared.

The same conversation was happening dozens of times. Cars showed up with more developers. A big truck showed up and giant fairies were carrying in people bound and gagged.

Soon there was a big crowd the other side of the portal not finding their way out. The giant fairies stayed to guard the portal at the club and Oscar sped off with the bus full of fairies.

“That’s got to be the craziest thing I’ve ever done,” Oscar said to Cherrie.

“We could dress you up in one of their outfits,” Cherrie joked.

“No thanks,” Oscar replied. “it’s crazy enough as it is.”



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